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From an English Paper.

ON THE PREVENTION OF VESSELS FOUNDERING AT SEA.

SIR: In the year 1804, an American vessel, called the George, loaded with sugar and molasses, on her voyage from Guiana, (loaded, I think, at Surinam,) was overtaken, in the latitude of the islands, by one of those dreadful hurricanes, common in those regions, which so frequently desolate the West India seas, at the time of equinoxes especially. In consequence of some neglect of the captain or crew, the main hatch, not being well fastened down, was thrown off by the violence of the waves which dashed over the deck, and the vessel was presently filled with water. No hope, of course, remained—every one considered she would instantly go to the bottom, and gave themselves up for lost; it was found, however, she remained with the deck about even with the surface of the ocean, whilst the waves rolled over and over the hull; being quite unmanageable she was driven before the wind for several hours, and was thus left to the mercy of the wind and waves, which, however, were not very merciful, for they swept every thing moveable from the deck. On the storm abating, the pumps were diligently worked till the water was discharged from the hold. It was found they owed their salvation entirely to some half dozen of empty puncheons, which happening to be well stopped, got entangled under the deck, and thus sustained the vessel. This account was given me by one of the sailors, who afterwards made a voyage to Demarara. The vessel was bound, I think, to Charleston, S. C., and made a good voyage, notwithstanding this untoward occurrence; she sustained no injury, except that the sails were rent to pieces by the force of the wind.

This incident occurred to my recollection on reading an account lately of an invention, so called in the newspapers, (see Examiner of April 25) respecting a mode of preventing ships from foundering at sea, by means of copper tubes or cylinders, to be disposed in different parts of the hold to give them buoyancy. A model of this, it is stated, has lately been exhibited at the Royal Institution. Although there is not much of novelty in the suggestion, the principle being well understood, we must allow due credit for all attempts to bring into use any means calculated to prevent those disasters so frequently occurring amongst the numberless vessels which now traverse the ocean, and the arguments set forth in this proposal are ingenious; but I should conceive that the praiseworthy design might be effected by a more simple and less expensive method, and such as that which, by accident, not design, saved the vessel above alluded to.

The plan recommended by Mr. Watson, with copper tubes, is good in theory, and consistent with the laws of hydrostatics; but, from its costliness, can never become of extensive practical utility; for ship owners will never incur the expense of some thousand of pounds in fitting up a vessel, when a dozen empty puncheons will answer the purpose, and prevent the vessel's sinking equally as well.

It is stated that a copper cylinder, exhibited at the Royal Institution, of three feet in length and one foot in diameter, weighs 142 pounds, and that one-fourth of the ship's hold would be occupied by these tubes! Of course the whole weight of copper employed would be enormous! That, according to Mr. Watson's own estimate, to fit up the whole British navy in this manner, on an average of thirty-three years, would have been an expense of twenty thousand pounds per annum. This, I suspect, would be considered, in bad times, rather a heavy expense; and especially if it be admitted that the purpose can be equally well effected without it.

A puncheon of less weight than the copper cylinder would give probably six or eight times more space and buoyancy, and the cost would be comparatively nothing, for merchantmen and the smaller vessels of war have usually a plenty of empty water puncheons on board, which only require berths to be made for them under the deck on each side, and ropes to fasten them to a staple—a sort of bedding or concavity, would prevent their being crushed against the deck by the pressure of the water, and unless fastened, they might roll out of the hatchway on one side, or fore or aft, and so throw the vessel on one side or perpendicular in the water.* In the case above referred to, it was considered almost a miracle that the puncheons happened to balance the vessel so equally as to keep her nearly upright in the water; the same number of casks probably lodged on each side, or more probably under the middle of the deck. It was mentioned as a most fortunate circumstance, too, that the puncheons happened to be stopped, which is not always attended to with empty casks.

The subject here cursorily viewed is of immense importance to navigation—to all the world, in fact, since it involves the safety of numberless lives, and millions of property afloat upon the ocean. We need only attend to Lloyd's list to be made sensible of the importance of the subject, where it is rendered sufficiently evident by the numerous vessels lost in gales in the open sea, from the springing of a plank, by touching on a sunken rock, &c.

In the hurricane of 21st of October, 1817, the great number of vessels then on the West Indian seas were lost, and about sixty sail, then lying in the harbor of St. Pierres, Martinique, were blown out to sea and swallowed up, only two or three vessels escaping destruction. I arrived there a few days after the storm, and found the harbor desolated. We are apt to think lightly of such disasters, except when eye-witnesses of them.

For vessels navigating amongst sunken rocks, traversing unknown seas on voyages of discovery, in every possible situation in short, such a safeguard deserves the most serious attention of mariners and ship owners, passengers, and all concerned. Old vessels and those of which any suspicion is entertained in respect to seaworthiness, should be special objects of such protection.

It is strange indeed that a matter so simple, and of such vast importance, should not have been acted on long since; and the same has been remarked of gas-lighting, the steam engine, and hundreds of useful inventions.

* The space or room taken up by these casks can hardly be a valid objection, when so great an object is to be attained as the security of the vessel, and the lives and property on board; besides, the unemployed or empty casks must have some place allotted to them, and they will not take up more room, or be a greater incumbrance, suspended under the deck, than elsewhere, and perhaps less.

ventions, the principles of which have been known in theory for ages past, but have lain dormant, as if unknown, till called into use by modern enterprise and industry.

Vessels which are lost at sea, if they do not sink, are cast on one side, or bottom upwards, in which position they are not unfrequently met with by mariners. The plan here recommended, it is evident, would be a security against all such disasters.

Where it is desirable to employ all the hold with goods, and economise the space as much as possible, the casks might be lashed outside along the gunwale, and, placed in this manner, the vessel would be kept yet more steadily than on the former plan. The casks, however, would require to be made stronger to prevent their being broken by the waves. Four puncheons, or one on each bow and quarter, would, in general, be a sufficient protection for merchant vessels. Little more indeed is required, in these cases, excepting to guard against their being upset, as their specific gravity seldom much exceeds an equal bulk of water, and the requisite calculations to find the difference are very simple. The aggregate weight of the vessel and cargo is to be found and compared with the weight of an equal bulk of sea water; this will indicate how much space or vacuity is required to render the vessel buoyant when the hold is filled with water. These protectors with their lashings affixed, might be kept in readiness, to be placed on the appearance of danger, as in stormy weather, the partial dislocation of a plank, opening the seams, &c.; or be fixed for the voyage, which would render it safe to carry a greater stress of sail than ordinary, and thus shorten the duration of the passage. The lashings should be run through the gunwale, or so contrived that the cask might be elevated or hauled down and made fast in its berth as required. Or cork might be substituted—and which has been successfully applied to boats, to render them invulnerable and insubmersible. Of cork, however, having more specific gravity, when wet especially, a greater bulk would be required to produce the same effect.

J. HANCOCK.

STAFFORD-PLACE, Pimlico.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

THE PIRATE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

By the author of 'The Mutiny,' 'My first and last Flogging,' &c.

—'So wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed.'

KIDD.

One warm afternoon in January, 18— I lay caulk- ing away on the stowed foretopmast-staysail of the sloop of war F—, then lying at anchor in the port of Valparaiso. The said stowed staysail is a glorious place to 'sojourn' at any time, for the netting keeps one from rolling overboard, and number three canvass is as soft as (some kinds of down;) and it is well out of the way and free from those bothersome interruptions so common on the decks of men-of-war. I cannot, it is true, recommend said staysail as a caulking place at sea,—for while a fellow is dreaming away about 'sweethearts and wives,' the officer of the deck may rub his eyes suddenly, and the following dialogue ensue:

Lieut.—'Forecastle there!

Master's Mate.—'Sir!

Lieut.—'Man the fo'-topmast staysail halliards.'

Master's Mate.—'All manned fo'ard sir.'

Lieut.—'Hoist away the staysail!'—and then up goes our downy couch, and overboard goes the dreamer; and a cold bath is not always pleasant, even in warm climates, especially when so applied.

These are pull-backs at sea,—but in port there is nothing of the kind to fear; so I, Jack Garnet, snored away in most magnificent style.

Alas! however, no man can safely count upon any thing in a man-of-war, save a flogging, which he is

pretty sure to get from one cause or another. While dreaming about 'Mary and Co.' as above, my slumbers were dispelled by a kick from a good natured fore-topman, who rode down the stay to inform me that the first cutter was called away; and turning out, I heard the boatswain's mate making 'my number'—that is roaring out, 'Jack Garnet! Pass the word for Jack Garnet!' 'Here you are,' said I to the boatswain's mate, as I jumped from the fore-castle into the waist.

'Get in the boat, you sir,' said the lieutenant of the watch, who was standing at the gangway, 'and look out for half-a-dozen when you return.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I promptly replied. I took my oar; we shoved off, let fall, and gave way.

We had no officer on board save a mid., and I was at a loss to know where we could be going; but after pulling half an hour, we boarded a merchantman, which lay at anchor far out in the harbor, beyond Little Cape Horn, and nearer Point Angels than Valparaiso. She was in some trouble, having suddenly and by accident come to anchor while sailing out of the harbor—the cat end of the starboard bower having parted—and there she lay with seventy fathom of cable out ahead, and her sails whipping the masts in fine style, every thing having been let go by the run.

'You Garnet,' said the mid., as he went up the ship's side, 'stay in the boat, and have your nap out, for you remember Mr. Harrison promised you half-a-dozen; so get ready for it.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I replied,—and sitting down on the stern sheets, the painter being made fast on board the ship, I proceeded to obey orders, while the rest of the boat's crew began to heave up our friend's anchor and so forth.

It is one of my rules never to borrow trouble, and so I napped away—my dream beginning where it had left off on board the sloop-of-war; and I enjoyed myself and the rest of them in true man-of-war style.

How long my slumbers may have lasted, I know not; but I was at length awakened by the rolling and pitching of the boat—she had shipped a heavy sea, which thoroughly ducked Jack Garnet, any how. I boked up and found myself in a peck of troubles.

Some one, in a hurry of duty on board the merchantman, had accidentally cast off the painter of my boat, and the south wind having suddenly freshened into a snorter, I had quietly drifted out to sea, and now found myself outside Fort Angels, in a stiff breeze, rolling about on the mountain surges of the Pacific Ocean.—The thing was done so quietly that no one on board had observed it, (the aforesaid squall having taken them unawares,) and did not perceive my departure until after I had made that discovery. Here then I was, far enough from any possible aid—captain, cook, and all hands of the first cutter of the F—sloop of war—all alone by myself, and nobody with me—outward bound.

Taking the tiller, I endeavored to keep her head to the wind, to diminish her way out to sea; but finding she broached too rather too often, I took an oar and pulled her round, stern to the wind. I then resumed the tiller, and began to make a straight wake before the wind to Coquimbo, Callao, or Davy Jones's. I now made fine headway—so fine indeed, that I soon had the satisfaction to see that all the shipping in Valparaiso were out of sight, and Point Angels was drifting rapidly astern. To add to the uncomfortable romance of my situation, the sun was now setting, and never to my view did she sink so hurriedly to repose; and the Andes which are wont to glitter in its effulgence long after he disappears from our firmament were suddenly shrouded in gloom. With a long look at the dim outlines of those majestic watch-towers of creation, which seemed in darkness to mourn over my forlorn condition, and with a brief listening to the whistling of the wind, and the loud voice of many waters, as they broke in thunder on the distant shore, I bade farewell to life, and in silent despair laid me down in the boat—forgetting, that though, the waves of the sea are mighty, and rage terribly, He who sitteth in heaven is mightier.'

My boat luckily needed not my guidance, for the swell was long and regular, and the wind blew steadily from the south, and she kept straight upon her course, mounting the waves gallantly, as if sensible that her voyage were not yet ended, and that she should again float under the stars and stripes of the Land of the Free.

The sun next day was high in the heaven, when my

slumbers were dispelled by the report of a musket, and a voice hailing, 'Boat 'ho!'.

I rose and looked wildly around. I was in the open sea, now smooth and tranquil—no land in sight—while off a hundred yards, a large brig was lying to. The hail was repeated: 'Boat 'ho!'.

'Fleet!' I replied mechanically, for the captain of the F—was the senior officer on the station, and I had not yet forgot the usages of the first cutter.

'Ha, ha,' roared the spokesman—'fleet, indeed!—Where are you bound, Mr. Commodore?'.

By this time I had collected my scattered wits, and, perceiving that they were lowering a boat, I made no reply.

I was speedily picked up and taken aboard the brig, and a glass of half and half being given me, I found both eyes and tongue; and while telling my story I saw that the brig was both large and heavy, mounting ten guns over her bulwarks, having no ports and full of men. These were rather suspicious particulars, but I was glad to find that the person commanding was in the best of humor, being greatly pleased by my narration.

'Well, well,' said he after a long fit of laughter, 'since you are a commodore of the American fleet, I must treat you civilly; so far'ard there! Cook, give this man some breakfast; and racking my brains to think whereaway I was, the truth suddenly flashed into my mind that I had heard something said in Valparaiso about a piratical vessel which had been seen off the coast of Peru. The story was that many merchantment had been plundered by her, but that no violence was offered to officers or crew, unless they resisted, nor even then any thing more than was necessary to subdue them. Cargo never was touched; all they wanted was gold and silver, and that being surrendered, they always went off peaceably. They were spoken of as a horrid looking set of fellows, commanded by a remarkably handsome young man—all speaking a strange language, and unable to understand a word of English, Spanish or French. It was also said that they were seen near evening, and that at night, though frequently in plain sight; they would always suddenly disappear; and though frequently seen and chased by men-of-war, they always disappeared entirely at night, while in the day they sailed like the wind, laughing at pursuit. My informant also said that the piratical vessel was a brig, with painted ports, carrying ten guns and a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot. All this was true of the brig I was now on board of. She was heavily sparred, her canvass white, and raking masts,—while her sharp bows, beautiful sheer and clean run, at once convinced me that she was manned by imps and commanded by Satan; she was as sweet a craft as ever ploughed the sea.

When I had finished my breakfast, and related my yarn to the hands forward, who though hideous looking rascals, spoke English as well as I, I was ordered aft again to meet the scrutiny of the captain, whom I had not yet seen. He was a small man, below the middle size, slender form, delicate limbs, and a face so smooth and round that he did not seem to be over eighteen, while his voice was melody itself, being low and exquisitely modulated.

Having heard my story, and assured me of kind treatment, he demanded to know of me what ships were in Valparaiso Bay, inward bound or outward bound, and what men-of-war were there—the state of things ashore—what vessels were expected, and where from—and lastly, whether I heard any thing said about a pirate off the coast of Peru. I answered these manifold questions as fully as possible, and, in reply to the latter, said what I had heard—adding, truly, that the English sloop of war T—was despatched a week before to protect the merchant service from him. This last item afforded him much amusement.

'Well my lad,' he said, 'it will be a long time before they catch us—for we are, as you see, that same pirate—friends to the sea and enemies to all who sail upon it. We are short of wood and water and must go into Valparaiso to fill up—not however, till your sloop of war comes out; but you say she is about to remain there, I will entice her out.—You can now take care of yourself: I shall not ask of you any duty, and as soon as I can, will set you ashore.'

It was now about noon, and the brig, which had been lying to since I was picked up—filled her main-top-sail, made all sail, and boarding her starboard tacks, was off

with the speed of light, to make Point Angels, leaving my boat adrift. The Andes were yet in sight, and Valparaiso not far distant, so that in an hour Point Angels was in plain view, and at 4 P. M. we entered the bay, steering straight for the F—.

All hands were now upon deck, and to do them justice, the brig was worked admirably. The long twenty-four was hauled aft, and pointed over the taffrail, when the rest of the guns were cleared and double shot. All this preparation for action rather puzzled me; for I could not think that the pirate captain intended to fight the F—, inasmuch as her battery of twenty-four twenty-four pounders would have blown us out of water in five minutes. However, I took my stand on the fore-castle, determined to see the fun, what ever it might be.

When we were within about a mile of the F—, I began to perceive some motion on board of her; and the boat of the captain of the port, which chanced to be along side of her, suddenly cast off and made sail towards us.

'What is the battery of the F—?' coolly inquired the captain; who was standing near me at this moment.

'Medium twenty-fours, sir,' said I.

'Very good,' he replied calmly, and then as he walked aft, 'Man the starboard battery!—stand by!—hands by the weather-braces!—slack the lee ones!—hard up the helm!'

We were not more than half a mile from the F—, (which as yet lay quiet, with her sails loosed to dry,) and wearing round, each gun of the starboard battery (long twelves) was fired at her, as it came to bear, until we were off, two points free, standing out to sea.

Our first shot, which struck the hull of the F—, was followed as quick as thought, by the notes of her drum beating to quarters, while her jib run up as if by magic, and her cables slipped, topsails were hoisted, and sheeted home.

She fell off before the wind, and hauled up on the larboard tack,—her larboard battery speaking in thunder as it came to bear; then crowding every thing, she gave chase.

Here, however, she was at disadvantage,—for we had the start of a mile,—moreover, were under fine headway. Her true game was to keep away a little and if possible to carry away some of our spars with round shot; but that part she determined to put off until it could be given with effect,—nothing doubting that she should speedily overtake us.

But in this the commodore reckoned without his host, for we rapidly slid away from him, working to windward of him in spite of his teeth. He carried on, however, with undaunted zeal, though we gradually increased our distance from one mile to six or seven, and darkness found him still driving ahead, with every rag of canvass spread to the breeze, which now was a ten-knotter from westnorthwest.

When daylight was fairly gone, our captain had ordered signal-lanterns to be sent up to the main-sky-sail-mast head, and at each yard arm, in order to challenge the F— to continue her chase, and now, (eleven o'clock,) the F— being at least ten miles, he ordered mast and yard ropes to be rove, and all hands to 'stand by to rig ship.'

This order brought me up all standing, for I could not imagine what was to follow; but his crew understood the thing perfectly. Some spars were brought aft, double purchased tackles were rigged on the main-mast and on the taffrail, hatches were opened and whips and top burtons rigged on the stays. Some hogheads containing fire-works were tossed overboard, but kept in tow, and numberless other preparations made in less time than I can write them.

'All ready?' hailed the captain.

'All ready, sir!' was the answer, from all parts of the vessel.

'Then fire,' he continued.

Every gun was discharged at once, and at the instant the hoghead astern blew up with a tremendous report, and the firmament was illuminated with a ghastly blue glare, and all the lights aloft were extinguished, so that the next instant we were in darkness. The main and fore-royal and sky-sail-mast and yards were then sent down—the mizen-mast stepped—a top-mast and top-gallant-mast rigged and yards crossed, while the guns were all lowered into the hold. Davits were then made fast at the sides, and whale boats were

then run up at them, while others were placed keel up on the booms, and in fifteen minutes we tacked and stood before the F—, as complete a whaling ship as ever doubled the Horn. The tackles, &c. were then unrove—all hands but sixteen sent below—the hatches put on, and away we bowled for the F—. The captain left the deck, the first mate taking the command; but shortly after returned from below, dressed as a woman, and directed our motions, though all orders were given by the mate.

In half an hour we were near the F—, on her weather bow, standing as if to cross her wake. When within three hundred yards, she sent up a light in her mizen-rigging, and fired a gun, which in nautical parlance means, 'heave-to, I wish to speak to you.'

We hove to, accordingly, in true merchantman style, while the F— backed her main-topsail as became a crack sloop-of-war.

'What ship is that?' hailed the first lieutenant, in the short, peremptory manner proper for a man of his dignity.

'The Three Sisters, of New Bedford,' replied our first mate, taking the Yankee twang in a most admirable manner.

'Where are you from,—and where bound,—and what's your master's name?' continued the first luff.

'I expect we're from a cruise,' drawled the mate again, 'bound to Valparaiso for wood and water, and our old man's name is Andrew Maxwell, at your service.'

'Have you seen a strange sail here away?' interrupted the commodore.

'Guess I see a clipper of a brig pretend to blow up, about half an hour ago, but she only made b'lieve, for I see her ag'n cuttin' away, to the nor'ard and east'ard, pretty considerable fast, I expect,' drawled the mate; 'howsomever, that was in the old man's watch, and he's turned in now, snorin' like a lobster, and I'll be darned if I want to call him, for he's cross as the devil if you break him of his sleep,—and his wife wouldn't like it neither, I guess, so I'd a little rather not,—if it's all the same to you.'

'Clap a stopper over all, you infernal Yankee,' hailed her first luff; and then she braced up again, and was off like a shot in chase of said brig, while we up stick, and bore away for Valparaiso. Here, then, was the secret of the pirate's constant escape from all pursuers,—this change of form,—and of course he would deceive any one,—e. g. the Yankee commander of the F—.

The next day, with only thirty hands to be seen, and with our whaling appearance, we entered the port of Valparaiso,—not a brig, nor commanded by a handsome young man; as our acting captain had a face like a dead eye, and our real commander played wife to him, for time being, as young and handsome as ever. Some waggish persons, indeed, little thinking how truly they spoke, insisted that the said wife was to all intents and purposes, commander of the ship,—since the captain had a way of saying 'I'll ask my wife,' on all important occasions.

At the end of four days, the said whaler having wooded and watered, &c., I was brought on deck, (for I had been kept under hatches too since our arrival, that I need not be seen by any loafers) and having been sworn to secrecy, (which said oath, n. b., I kept,) was set ashore, and then the Three Sisters weighed anchor, and under a crowd of canvass, stood out to sea, to recommence her fair trading operations.

What became of her thereafter, is none of my business, though I am told her tricks were found out; and the bright sided brig, which she industriously chased for a whole day, and finally overtook, proved to be the F— sloop-of-war,—her commander thus paying the devil in his own coin; and in the interchange of 'warm expressions,' which followed, the F— sent her so effectually to the bottom, that it was generally supposed she would stay there a time, unless Jimmy Flat-foot actually took her under his wing. However, friend Greenhorn, all this is none of our business.

JACK GARNET.

The whole French naval force on the Pacific amounts to two corvettes, the Actæon and the Ariadne. We have on the South American station one 76, one 46, four 28, one 26, two 18, one 10, and three 6; in all, 14 men-of-war.

FRONTIER MOVEMENTS.

We are indebted to a military friend at Fort Gibson for a letter, from which we make the following interesting extracts. The council with the wild Indians of the prairies, it will be seen, was to have been held on Thursday last, and we hope it has resulted in a treaty which will confer lasting advantages on the Indians, as well as on the Government and citizens of the United States, in our future intercourse with them.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

"FORT GIBSON, 12th Aug., 1835.

"DEAR SIR: It was my intention to prepare you an article for publication, of the movements of the military on this frontier this summer, but I was prevented by other business, and I have now barely time to say what those movements were, to enable you, if you choose, to give publicity to the facts.

"On the 18th of May last, Major Mason, in command of the effective force of dragoons at this post, marched to the southwest, pursuant to orders, for the object of assembling the Camanche, Kiawae, Towaash Indians, in order that the United States' Commissioners (Governor Stokes, General Arbuckle, and Major Armstrong) might meet them with delegations from the different friendly tribes on this frontier, with whom our Government have treaties, to enter into a treaty of peace between them and the United States, and also between the wild and friendly tribes. In obedience to Major Mason's instructions, he took up a position on the western border of the Cross Timbers, on a branch of the Canadian, about 150 miles southwest of this post, where he established his encampment; and, being enabled to have intercourse with Mr. Coffee's traders, at his establishment on Red river, which is about 70 miles south of him, he soon collected the different bands of the wild Indians inhabiting that section of country, and ascertained that they were desirous of meeting the commissioners, and entering into bonds of friendship with our Government, and the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Osages, Senecas, and Quapaws; but refused to send delegations to this post for that object, as was the design and wish of the Government. The commissioners then determined to meet them at Major Mason's encampment, and commenced making preparations accordingly.

"Captain Lee, in command of F and H companies, 7th infantry, with a piece of ordnance, left here on the 10th of July last, to reinforce Major Mason, who was apprehensive, at that time, that the wild Indians would attack him, and drive off his horses. This report was communicated by the Osages at his camp, and ascertained afterwards to be so far true, that it was the intention of a part of the Camanches and Towaashes to attack his command and steal his horses; but was relinquished by the authority and persuasion of one of the Camanche head warriors. Since that period they have been very friendly.

"General Arbuckle and staff, and Governor Stokes, left here on the 6th instant, for the general council ground, taking, as an escort, companies A and D, 7th infantry, under the command of Brevet Major Birch. The day appointed for the general council to convene is the 20th instant.

"Delegations from the Creeks, Osages, Senecas, and Quapaws, have left here for the place of rendezvous. The Cherokees and Delawares will cross the Arkansas day after to-morrow, and the Choctaws have left before this, I presume, as they will pursue the route of the Canadian to this place of meeting.

"The whole force from this post, now in the prairies, is about 250 men, not including officers, and it is expected they will return by the 15th or 20th of next month.

"I forgot to mention that General Arbuckle has a good wagon road opened through the Cross Timbers to Major Mason's encampment, by a detachment of the 7th infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Seaton, who left here on the 16th of June, and returned on the 19th of July last.

"Officers at Major Mason's encampment (which he has named *Camp Holmes*) represent it as a beautiful and healthy place, on the immediate border of timber to the east, with a level prairie of ten miles in width to the west, encircled round with sparse woods, and having there a fine running stream and a number of springs. It no doubt will hereafter be a place of importance, as it is a central position for a general council ground for all the tribes from this frontier to our western boundary."

From the New York Times.

EXPLORATION OF AFRICA BY AN AMERICAN.

Mr. William Jay Haskett, the pedestrian, of whose endurance of fatigue the public are well aware, has determined, if possible, to extend his walks. We have before us copies of a correspondence between Mr. Haskett and his Britannic Majesty's Consul, in which the former expressed his desire of connecting himself with the African Association, of London, for the exploring of the interior of Africa, in such capacity as might best meet the countenance and subserve the objects of the association; at the same time inquiring of Mr. Buchanan the manner of making his intentions known to the association, the prospect of the success with the association of an American who should offer his services gratuitously, and the agent of the association to whom he might apply for information. The consul referred Mr. Haskett to Mr. Empson, the secretary of the London African Association for the exploring of the interior of Africa; and through the agency of Mr. James G. King, of this city, who kindly volunteered to aid the enterprise, and contribute liberally to its expenses, and of Mr. Letty Vaughan, of London, a gentleman of superior scientific attainments, and well known as one of the leaders of the London Association for exploring the interior of Africa—Mr. Haskett opened a correspondence with Mr. Empson. Mr. Empson stated in his first letter, that the African Association, although not formally dissolved, is suspended—its subscriptions having ceased, and there being no funds, no directing authority for any object of the kind proposed by Mr. Haskett. Mr. Empson, however, thought that the subject was one which the Geographical Society would be disposed to undertake, and that they might be induced to accept of Mr. Haskett's services, and he volunteered to lay the subject before that body. The application was accordingly made. A letter in reply to Mr. Haskett's application was written by Captain Maconochie, the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. He states that the African Association, before its suspension, had fitted out a mission to South Africa, which is to endeavor to penetrate to the westward from Delagoa bay. This mission is now in Africa, prosecuting discoveries.

He also states the curious fact, that the members of the association are absolutely overrun with volunteers, and that the poor success of former adventurers seems but to quicken the enterprise of new ones, and that a gentleman of large fortune in London is preparing to start for Timbuctoo by the way of Tripoli, at his own cost and charges. Taking the above facts into consideration, no other answer than a negative could be given to Mr. Haskett's application, though every compliment is paid to him on account of his fearless spirit of enterprise, and his fitness for the undertaking duly acknowledged. Mr. Vaughan has suggested to Mr. Haskett the propriety of applying to the American Colonization Society. This application has already been made to the American Colonization Society by Mr. Haskett, and declined by that body, though Mr. Haskett is still willing to undertake the enterprise in their employ. It is his intention, should he not meet with success in that quarter, to go to Europe, and offer his services in person to any scientific body that may think fit to accept them. Colonel Haskett is certainly qualified for an exhibition of this sort. His power to endure fatigue, and privations of every description, has been tested by a long series of experiments. He is ambitious, enterprising, and in the prime of his strength. We trust that he may succeed in his proposed undertaking.

THE COMET.—Halley's comet was observed by Professor Anderson, of Columbia College, on the morning of Saturday the 19th, a little before two o'clock, visible to the naked eye, and again this morning still more distinctly, about the same hour. It may be readily seen, as he informs, with an ordinary opera glass, by any one who knows its place. It should be looked for in a range with two stars of the third magnitude, in the knees of the Twins, and as much above the higher of these stars as that is above the lower. About one o'clock this constellation may be seen a little to the north of the eastern part of the heavens.—*New York American*.

Extract of a letter from an officer in the United States Navy, to his friend in Carlisle, dated

"U. S. Schooner GRAMPUS,

"S. W. Pass of the Mississippi, Aug. 25, 1835.

"We have just arrived here, having in tow for several days past, the American schooner, *Watchman*, belonging to New Orleans. We fell in with her on the 18th instant, in longitude 91 degrees, latitude 27 degrees, in a deplorable condition; she had lost her masts, boats, sails, &c., in a severe hurricane. We are informed that she has on board \$100,000 in specie, and a valuable cargo. The *Watchman* would, undoubtedly, have drifted on some barren part of the coast, and if not wrecked, would have been plundered by her crew, but for the assistance afforded by the *Grampus*. In the same hurricane, the *Grampus*, officers, and crew suffered severely; she was struck by a succession of heavy seas, which carried away the jib boom, hammock railings, &c., and did much injury to us in other respects. Captain Ritchie was on deck during the whole of the terrific storm, and proved himself fully adequate to every emergency.

"We are extremely gratified, that we have been instrumental in saving a valuable vessel and cargo, although we have been heretofore censured by a number of the good people of New Orleans, for not protecting them in the contraband trade, which is carried on in the Gulf of Mexico. They often complain of the proceedings of the vessels in the Mexican service, without any just cause. These vessels have been acting under the authority of the Mexican Government, and interfere with those persons only, (as they have a right) who are suspected of smuggling—for, it is well known here, that captains of merchant vessels, who have their papers properly authenticated, and their cargoes regularly entered, have no complaints to make—and are invariably treated in a gentlemanly and friendly manner. It is through the noisy declamation of newspaper editors, and the representations of persons engaged in smuggling on the Mexican coast, that we have been sent out to cruise against imaginary pirates, at a season of the year when these violent hurricanes are prevalent. If the citizens of New Orleans imagine that 'the laws of Mexico are at their command,' and that the American navy has a right to interfere with the revenue of that country, they are mistaken—and the two vessels, of which so many complaints are made—the *Montezuma* and the *Comen*—are commissioned by the proper authorities of Mexico, and act merely as our own revenue vessels do in boarding and examining the papers of merchantmen that enter their ports. I am a landsman, and have hardly, as yet, my sea legs aboard,—but I have closely observed the events that have transpired in the 'Rio Bravo del Norte,' and can truly say, that every possible service has been rendered by our squadron to our commerce in those seas, and there is not an officer in the navy who would not shed his last drop of blood for the protection of our flag."—*Carlisle, Pa., Volunteer.*

AQUATIC.—The Amateur Boat Club Association, according to previous notice, yesterday afternoon, performed their first annual *fete*. Thousand thronged the Battery, and Castle Garden was filled to overflowing. The boats, each of them manned by members of their respective crews, appropriately uniformed, excited the admiration of all who were present.

The bay presented a most animating scene, and sailboats and rowboats were all in motion seeking a spot the most eligible for observation. Never were we more delighted with an entertainment of the kind, and the universal admiration elicited on the occasion.

The boats took their places on starting in the order previously arranged, and, according to the report of the judges, arrived as follows.

1. Wave—time 31 minutes.
2. Eagle—time not noted.
3. Dolphin. do.
4. Neptune. do.
5. Wakons. do. (4 oars)
6. Atlantic. do.
7. Jersey. do. (4 oars)

The distance performed was 5½ miles.

Four splendid silver pitchers were presented to the members of the successful clubs by the judges, the senior of whom prefaced his remarks with the following address:

My young friends.—By your kindness and politeness I have been appointed one of the judges of this afternoon's exhibition, the first of the kind ever presented to an American public, for which I beg leave to thank you. To you, gentlemen, belongs the credit of giving origin to such manly exercise, which tends to promote health, strength and longevity. If it be said that you are imitating the Lords and gentlemen of England in their Regattas, the most fastidious moralists cannot complain, while you devote no hours for rational exercise but those on which your various occupations have no claim. Your early rising, and a tug at the oar, give a zest to your daily business, and prepare you for the aquatics of the evening accompanied by your mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, the witnessing of which has often almost induced me to wish that I were young again. Proud as I feel on this occasion, I have yet to perform the most gratifying part of my duty; and now, gentlemen of the *Wave*, I feel honored in presenting you a *PITCHER*, composed of one of the most precious metals, as a small tribute of reward for amateur superiority. In doing this, it delights me, and it must be equally gratifying to those around you, to find among your companions, that not one evinces an expression of countenance that is not in unison with your own.

You have, gentlemen, this day set a noble example to the young men of this great city—and while you continue to act within the rules of strict propriety, your Regattas will not only not be opposed but patronized by the best members of the community.

May you live long, be prosperous and be happy." The several members of the Clubs replied in an appropriate manner, after which, with a large number of guests, they partook of a repast appropriate and splendid.—*New York Paper.*

THE BOAT RACE.—The boat race between the Kensington Fishermen in their eight oared boat, the Washington, and the Cleopatra and Metamora Boat Clubs, in their respective boats, pulling six oars each, took place on the Schuylkill, on Saturday afternoon, 19th ultimo. The afternoon was lowering, with occasional flaps of wind and dashes of rain; but a great concourse of persons was present, both at the starting point, Fairmount, and at Belmont, the end of the race, while the various headlands showed groups of spectators anxiously watching the contest. Previous to starting, the places of the barges were determined by lot—the Metamora taking the eastern shore, or inside track, the Cleopatra the centre, and the Washington the outside track or western shore. The starting judges were William Rice of the Washington, Edward T. Mott of the Metamora, and Thomas Smith of the Cleopatra. Winning judges, Messrs. Norris Stanley, Peter Fritz, James Page, and Michael Day. At a few minutes past 4 o'clock, the boats put off in beautiful style from Fairmount Dam, and stretched away to Belmont College, amid the cheers of assembled thousands. The prize, a superb model of a barge, called the Paragon, built by Mr. Jones, was assigned to the crew of the Cleopatra, she coming out considerably ahead of the Metamora, and the Metamora ahead of the Washington. In presenting the prize, an appropriate speech was made by Captain Stanley, one of the judges, and a suitable reply by Mr. Smith of the Cleopatra.

The distance rowed, we believe, is nearly three miles, and was performed as follows:

Cleopatra,	11 minutes.
Metamora,	13 "
Washington,	14 "

The oarsmen, who participated in the struggle, were uniformly and beautifully dressed, and acquitted themselves in the handsomest manner. The various craft upon the river, among which were the light and graceful barges of the other boat clubs, with their variegated streamers, and the crowds upon the shore, gave to the whole scene, a lively and imposing aspect.—After the race, the judges, the crew of each of the contending boats, and a number of other gentlemen, partook of an excellent repast at Belmont Cottage, and returned to the city at an early hour, much gratified with the occurrences of the day.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Captain Josiah Sturgis, of the revenue cutter *M'Lane*, has recently made a valuable donation of charts (upwards of 100 in number) to the Seamen's Reading Room, in the Bethel Chapel, New Bedford.

Selected Poetry.

From the Baltimore Young Men's Paper.
THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON.

On fame's proud summit, there it glows,
All glittering in its pride;
The honor'd steel that clung in war
Close to the hero's side.

Thrice honor'd still, the proudest blade
That warrior ever drew;
In virtue's name 't was sanctified,
In virtue's cause 't was true.

It rose the Revolution's light,
A glowing, burning star;
And ray'd its lustre far above
The stormy tide of war.

From Bunker's Hill to Yorkton's heights
A fearful flame it spread;
And freedom's phalanx, firmly join'd,
To victory it led.

A boasting tyrant's hireling troops,
Swept like a maddened flood;
By strength and stratagem essayed
To quench its light in blood.

As well the vapors of the deep
By furious whirlwinds driven,
Might seek behind their wrath and ire
To hide the light of heav'n.

Proud steel! the warrior hand that drew
Thee shining from thy sheath,
Baptiz'd thy edge in freedom's fane
For liberty or death.

The warrior soul that gave thee fame,
At freedom's altar caught
The hallowed zeal that bore him through
The storm with perils fraught.

He waved thee o'er the little band,
Whose bloody footprints told,
In freemen's nerves were better trust,
Than in a despot's gold.

He waved thee o'er the injured few,
That dared the despot's frown;
And sought beneath the stripes and stars
A holier renown.

Thou art a star in freedom's sky,
The world's keen gaze is on
The land that thou hast lifted up,
Whose honors thou hast won.

Still may she hold her envied height,
'Till other nations join
Beneath the flag of liberty,
To rear their freedom-shrine.

Shine on, proud star! the storm is past
And freedom's home's at ease,
The spangled flag floats gaily now
On heaven's willing breeze.

Baltimore.

J. N. M.

A dinner was given at the Mansion House, on Thursday, by the St. Nicholas Society, to Prince Hendrick, of the Netherlands, who recently arrived in this country in a Dutch national vessel, Chevalier Martini, Chargé of the Netherlands to the United States, and Col. Arriens, of the Dutch frigate *De Maas*, now lying in the harbor of New York. Several other officers and gentlemen connected with the two vessels of war were expected to have been present, but owing to the necessity of sailing in a few days, some of them were obliged to leave the city on Wednesday.

Among the guests present, were the governor, and the mayor and recorder. The venerable president of the society, Abm. Van Vechten, presided, assisted by Harmanus Bleecker, Esq. and Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer. The proceedings were characterized by the warmth and feeling that might have been expected on such an occasion; and we doubt not that this expression of regard from residents of our ancient city, the descendants of "Vader Landt," was reciprocated by the Prince and his companions.—*Albany Argus, Sept. 12.*

WASHINGTON;

THURSDAY,.....OCTOBER 1, 1835.

The furniture of Commodore Hull was sold at public auction on Monday last. The commodore has, we believe, surrendered the command of the Navy Yard, temporarily, to Captain Gallagher, and will leave the city in a day or two.

It is rumored that Commodore Patterson, whose arrival from the Mediterranean may be shortly looked for, will be appointed to the command of the Washington Navy Yard.

We understand that Captain W. Chauncey has requested to be relieved from the command of the Navy Yard at Pensacola, and a successor will probably be designated in a day or two. We have heard Captain Bolton named as likely to be assigned to that station.

Colonel LINNARD, a notice of whose death will be found under our obituary head, was an active and enterprising officer of light infantry during a part of the revolutionary war; and while the British force occupied Philadelphia, was employed by his military superiors on the most hazardous and confidential service.

He entered the army in 1802, at the urgent request of the late General Dearborn, then Secretary of War, as military agent—a situation analogous to that of deputy quartermaster general; and, under various titles, continued to perform the duties of that office, at Philadelphia, for a period of thirty years, with a zeal, industry and integrity, that deserved and obtained for him the approbation of his government and the confidence of the army. Nearly worn out by his arduous services, he was permitted by the present Secretary of War to retire from the bustle of the world, and spend the three last years of his life with his family—an indulgence which he richly merited; and which was as honorable to him who granted as to him who enjoyed it.

Major Gen. Macomb, accompanied by Major Van Buren, one of his Aides-de-camp, arrived at Cincinnati on the 13th ult. on his way to Detroit. He is now probably on his return to Washington by the way of New York.

CORRECTION.—It was stated in a note appended to the communication of Aristides in the last Chronicle, that the number of lieutenants in the navy on furlough on the 1st July last, was *two*; it should have been *four*.

In the translation of the article in our last paper, respecting the Koptipteur, it was mentioned that no European army had yet been provided with percussion guns. By the following it will be seen that one regiment of the Austrian Chasseurs has been furnished with the percussion guns, and upon trial finds them so decidedly superior that the old ones have been pronounced useless.

AUSTRIAN ARMY.—PERCUSSION CAPS.—A change is shortly to take place in the military uniform, which has been found so narrow as to interfere with that freedom of movement so necessary to a soldier. The pay is to be increased, and the custom of allowing only one bed for two soldiers is to be abolished. Another innovation will shortly take place—namely, the introduction of percussion guns for the use of the infantry. No doubt these guns, as heretofore manufactured, were subject to various objections; but an artist of Prague (M. Courode) has found the means of rendering them almost perfect, and most satisfactory results are expected from this invention. These guns have lately been tried by the 6th battalion of Chasseurs, and it was

evident to all present, that a body of troops armed with percussion guns would, as regards firing, do as much execution as a force double in number armed with old-fashioned muskets. The Chasseurs, after using the percussion guns, declared the old ones quite ridiculous, and now hold them in the greatest contempt.—*United Service Gazette*.

RANDOM SHOTS FROM A RIFLEMAN.

This is the title of a book, by J. Kincaid, late captain of the Rifle brigade, and author of "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade." The following extracts are copied from a review of the book in the *United Service Gazette*:

YOUNG SOLDIERS.—In actual battle young soldiers are apt to have a feeling (from which many old ones are not exempt,) namely, that they are but insignificant characters—only a humble individual out of many thousands, and that his conduct, be it good or bad, can have little influence over the fate of the day. This is a monstrous mistake, which it ought to be the duty of every military writer to endeavor to correct; for in battle, as elsewhere, no man is insignificant unless he chooses to make himself so. The greater part of the victories on record, I believe, may be traced to the individual gallantry of a very small portion of the troops engaged; and if it were possible to take a microscopic view of that small portion, there is reason to think that the whole of the glory might be found to rest with a very few individuals.

EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.—In one of the first smart actions that I ever was in, I was a young officer in command of experienced soldiers, and, therefore, found myself compelled to be an observer rather than an active leader in the scene. We were engaged in a very hot skirmish, and had driven the enemy's light troops for a considerable distance with great rapidity, when we were at length stopped by some of their regiments in line, which opened such a terrific fire within a few yards, that it obliged every one to shelter himself as he best could among the inequalities of the ground and the sprinkling of trees which the place afforded. We remained inactive for about ten minutes amidst a shower of balls that seemed to be almost like a hail-storm, and when at the very worst, when it appeared to me to be certain death to quit the cover, a young scampish fellow of the name of Priestly, at the adjoining tree, started out from behind it, saying, "Well! I'll be d—d if I'll be bothered any longer behind a tree, so here's at you," and with that he banged off his rifle in the face of his foes, reloading very deliberately, while every one right and left followed his example, and the enemy, panic struck, took to their heels without firing another shot.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.—To those accustomed to the vicissitudes of warfare it is no less curious to remark the many miraculous escapes from wounds than the recovery from them. As an instance of the former, I may observe, that in the course of the action at Sabugal I was addressing a passing remark to an officer near me, who, in turning round to answer, raised his right foot, and I observed a grape-shot tear up the print which it had but that instant left in the mud. As an instance of the latter I shall here relate (though rather misplaced,) that at the storming of Badajos, in April, 1812, Lieut. Worsley got a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck, and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it, looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry) he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and set his head straight again!

BAD CHARACTERS NOT ALWAYS BAD SOLDIERS.—I have often heard it disputed whether the most daring deeds are done by men of good or bad repute, but I never felt inclined to give either a preference over the other, for I have seen the most desperate things done by both. I remember one day during the siege that a shell pitched in the trenches within a few yards of a noted bad character of the 52 regiment, who, rather than take the trouble of leaping out of the trench until it had exploded, went very deliberately up, took it in his arms, and pitched it outside, obliging those to jump back who had there taken shelter from it.

Communication.

THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS.

WEST POINT, Sept. 17, 1835.

MR. EDITOR: On returning the other day from a journey of a few weeks, I undertook to read through a file of the Military and Naval Chronicle which had accumulated during my absence. I found, among other things, a series of articles by Young Fogram, containing a criticism on the new system of Infantry Tactics. I commenced of course with the article in the number of July 23, and whether properly or not, I will not pretend to say; but really I could not help calling to mind a couple of lines in Byron's description of criticism:

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

The article referred to showed at once the facility with which the author had adopted his new character. It contained nothing which required depth of research, or power of discrimination; but it certainly did contain enough to show the spirit of criticism in all its freshness and vigor. That is to say, the spirit to indulge in opposition and censure, without regard to right or wrong. The author, who I presume is a military man, should consider, however, that although opposition right or wrong is sometimes excusable in military affairs, it is not very easy to introduce it as a maxim in morals, or to make it harmonize with our ideas of fairness and propriety.

I recollect reading in my youth a dialogue in one of our English authors, containing a criticism from which Young Fogram must have taken his guide. One of the critics says to the other—"And what of the new book the whole world makes such a fuss about?" "Against all rule, my lord. Not one of its angles is a right angle. I had my square and compass in my pocket." Thus Young Fogram, with the same discrimination as to the importance of subjects, commences his criticism on Infantry Tactics with an account of the cover; and after telling us something about its color and appearance, pounces, with his whole weight and power, upon the little, pretty, and innocent vignette at the commencement of the volume. The little thing, however, will be under no necessity of asking quarter, for it remains undivested of its charms, and has still the power to make itself felt and respected by all those whose opinions are of any importance.

It is true that in some parts of the vignette the proportions in the subjects represented are not very well preserved; but I would ask Young Fogram to state, with sober honesty, whether it does not, as a whole, produce a good effect?

The critic seems very much perplexed with certain representations at the bottom of the picture, which he supposes may be intended for apples, or peaches. But when he has eaten a few more apples and peaches—or, I should rather say, perhaps, when he has eaten a few more puddings, and smelt a little powder on the field of battle, it is to be hoped that he will be able to distinguish the difference between peaches and grenades.

I should not have made any remarks on this subject, had it not been for the reputation of the gentleman who was the author of the vignette—a gentleman whose reputation as a painter stands too high to be trifled with by any fogram, either young or old. In order to soothe the pains experienced by Young Fogram, in consequence of his exquisitely nice perception of the proportions of things, I will tell him that the original design was shown to me by the author himself, and was certainly a very beautiful picture. The proportions were all represented with the strictest accuracy. Afterwards, it went through the hands of the engraver, and was published without being previously submitted to the author's inspection, as custom requires. In this way the proportions have been a little distorted, and published without an opportunity of correction being given.

I hope, however, that this will not so injure the new system of Infantry Tactics, as to occasion the loss of many important victories in our future wars.

AMATOR JUSTITIE.

THE DRAGOONS.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, Sept. 22, 1835.

MR. EDITOR: I observe in your paper of the 17th instant an extract of a letter dated at this place, giving some account of the service of the regiment of horse. This description is substantially correct: right in most of the details, but not in all. I wish, however, to have it known, that it was written by one of my sergeants, and without my knowledge till I saw it in print.

E. V. SUMNER, Capt. Dragoons.

Domestic Miscellany.

From the New York Times.

THE EARLY NAVAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by Robert Southey.—An account of the maritime prowess of a nation among the earliest to become, and the longest to continue, the mistress of the seas, could hardly come from whose hands it might, fail to be both instructing and entertaining, but emanating as this does from the first and most perfect English prose writer of the nineteenth century—for such we undoubtedly consider Robert Southey to be, whether we look to the strong and manly vigor of his style, joined as it is to a degree of rounded finish that has scarcely ever been equalled, surely never surpassed—it presents claims on the attention of the world which have not been put forth by any publication in many years. The life of Nelson, by the same author, and perhaps his masterpiece, is the best piece of naval biography that has, we believe, ever been accomplished, and so general has it become, and so beneficial are its tendencies considered on the minds even of the comparatively illiterate, that it is regularly furnished by the British Government, together with the Bible and prayer, to every mess on board a ship-of-war. With much of the same exciting character, the same chivalric admiration for high and noble actions, the same graphic and spirit stirring accounts of the wild strife with the stormy ocean, or the yet wilder and more merciless encounters of human passions, this work now before us contains infinitely more of deep research, of antiquarian lore, and of information on matters generally little known, while they must be from their nature certain to excite curiosity, and from their importance worthy to create attention.

From the perilous days of the Danish pirates, the roving sea-kings, those troubadours of ocean, who roamed a wilder and more enterprising field than did the minstrel knights of France or Spain, but like them cultivating the inspiration of the muse no less devotedly than the art of war; chanting their battle song amid the din of spears, and striking their heavy blows on casque or corselet to the accompaniment of choral strains—from these wild times, to the glorious days of England in the middle ages, the learned laureate has here brought together in narrow compass all that is most brilliant, most striking, and most illustrative of the progressive strides of the sea-girt isle to maritime dominion. In the latter portion of the work, he has quoted extensively from the singularly entertaining though quaint narrations of old Froissart; and where he speaks in his proper person, seems to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the worthy monk, who well deserves the title of the Homer of the days of chivalry.

To us, coupled as we are, first by descent, and then by succession to her naval honors—to us, of whom it may with truth be said, that the history of England, previous to the war of the independence, is clearly and inseparably our history—this book ought, as we doubt not it will, to present a subject of interest second to none; and, as we have ascertained that the merit of the performance is not inferior to the importance of the topic, we hereby most earnestly recommend the immediate perusal of it to all.

WARD ROOM OFFICERS.—We present, perhaps, in our assembled capacity, as great a variety of intellectual, moral and social habit, as any group of the same size, ever yet convened on flood or field. There is no shape, which thought, feeling, or association ever assumed, that may not here find a ready, unbroken mould. We have every thing, from the silent operations of a mind that expresses its action only in its priceless gifts, to the tumultuous agonies of an imagination that raises a

tornado to rock a rosebud, and rolls the globe over to crush a flea. We have the officer who walks the deck as if he were to be heard in whispers and obeyed in silence, and the one that gives his slightest order in a trumpet voice that might almost endanger the sleep of the dead. We have the ever cheerful and contented being, who would talk encouragingly on a famishing wreck, and the inveterate complainer, who would grumble amid the mellow profusions of a paradise. We have the man of method who sleeps, dreams and wakes by rule, and the unsystematized being who would lose, were it possible, his conscious identity; and who will probably be found at the great resurrection coming out of the grave of some other person.

We have a caterer who would purchase an ox for the sake of a sirloin, and a steward who would purchase an egg, were it possible, without the expense of the shell. We have a sailing-master who is seldom wrong when he conjectures, and as rarely right when he calculates; we have a commissary who would shoulder an atlas of real responsibility, and protest against an ant-hill of petty inconvenience; we have a surgeon who would kneel in worship of the beauty, harmony, and matchless grace of the human form, and then dissect a Cytheran Venus to trace the path of an imaginary muscle; we have a marine officer full of professional pride and ability, but whose troops have never been paralleled since Jack Falstaff mustered his men; we have a chaplain who vehemently urges us on like an invading army towards heaven, but stays behind himself, as he says, to pick up the stragglers; and we have over all a commander who inspires the humblest with self-respect, but reinstates the absolute principles of the old school on the levelling doctrines of the new.—*Ship and shore, or Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise in the Levant.*

THE LATE JOSHUA SANDS.—We take from the *Long Island Star* the annexed particulars of this once useful, and now lamented, citizen:

OBITUARY.—The following memoranda will afford a brief, but imperfect, sketch of the life of this meritorious man, who has left a wide circle of friends to remember and regret him.

Died at his residence, in Brooklyn, on the morning of the 12th September, instant, JOSHUA SANDS, Esq., one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of the place, aged 77 years. At 17 years of age, just at the commencement of the revolutionary war, Mr. Sands was invited by Colonel Trumbull, of Connecticut, to accept a situation in the Commissariat Department, with the rank of a captain, which he accepted, and remained with the army until the reorganization of that department, and resignation of Colonel Trumbull, with whom he spent some time in Connecticut. The inactivity of a quiet life in those trying times, little according with his active habits, he in company with the late W. Livingston, and his brother, Comfort Sands, tendered proposals for the supply of the northern army, which were accepted by Robert Morris, and which were punctually complied with on their part; but the scarcity of the means at the command of the Treasury Department, did not allow a fulfilment of the contract by Government, by which they were great sufferers. The contractors were a few years since partially remunerated by an act of Congress for that purpose. At the termination of the revolutionary war, Mr. Sands commenced business as a merchant in New York. He soon after became a Senator of the Legislature of the State, and one of the Governor's council, having just arrived at the age designated by law for holding offices. While in the Senate, he was one of the three persons nominated by Governor Jay, to the President of the United States, as suitable to fill the office of collector of customs for the port of New York, and was appointed to the office, in which he continued until the administration of Mr. Jefferson. He was fully in the confidence of Washington, and the family are in possession of many interesting memorials of the "Father of his country." He was in the course of his active and useful life, in correspondence and intimacy with most of the distinguished characters of the day. The high confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens, induced them to appoint him one of their representatives to Congress. On the expiration of his term, his domestic and mercantile concerns requiring his more immediate attention, he in a great measure retired from the political arena, to enable him to de-

vote more of his time to his private concerns. He was chosen president of the Merchant's Bank, and re-elected a member of Congress, in the administration of John Quincy Adams. The duties of these offices he executed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

He filled various offices both in New York and Brooklyn; which last place, under his immediate eye, rose from a hamlet to a flourishing city. He was, for a length of time, the chief magistrate of Brooklyn, and enjoyed to a great extent the esteem and confidence of its inhabitants; and, at the time of his death, he held the office of senior warden of St. Ann's Church, in the vestry and communion of which he died a member. In the year 1797 he built the house of his late residence; he previously resided in the Government house on the Battery, New York. He performed the duties of the various and important offices to which he was appointed with singular ability, fidelity, and incorruptible integrity. As a Christian, he was pious and charitable without ostentation—as a citizen, he was eminently useful, devoting a great part of his time and wealth in the promotion of the public good. He was charitable to the poor, and, both by example and precept, an encourager of virtue and industry. As a friend, he was sincere and steady in his friendship, sociable, amiable, and pleasant in his manners; as a husband and parent, he was tender and affectionate, never more happy than when conferring happiness. He was the father and patron of Brooklyn. He lived to see it flourish beyond example, and died rejoicing in its prosperity.

We may close with the remark of an eminent divine, upon the character of the late lamented Mr. Sands, "Much more could I say; but less, without injustice, I could not."

General WASHINGTON was right in every thing which was ever said or done by him. Even the heavy charge of the whole American forces during the Revolution, did not cause him to forget his home and his poor neighbors. The following extract speaks volumes in his praise, as a man. His heart was ever "open to melting charity."—*Richmond Compiler.*

Extract of a letter to Lund Washington, Mount Vernon, (1775.)

"Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go away hungry.—If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness; and I have no objection to your giving money in charity, to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year, when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection, is, that it is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider, that neither myself nor wife is now in the way to do these good offices. In all other respects, I recommend it to you, and have no doubt of your observing the greatest economy and frugality; as I suppose you know that I do not get a farthing for my services here, more than my expenses. It becomes necessary therefore, for me to be saving at home."

KOSCIUSKO.—It is stated in Falkenstein's life of Kosciusko, that when this distinguished Pole reached this country for the purpose of combating in behalf of liberty, he was utterly unprovided with letters of introduction, and nearly penniless. He sought an interview with WASHINGTON. "What do you seek here?" inquired the General, with his accustomed brevity.—"I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.—"What can you do?" was Washington's next question—to which Kosciusko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, "Try me." This was done.—Occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science, and valor were evinced, and above all, his great character was duly appreciated.

SHIP CANAL.—The corps of United States Engineers who for the last five months have been engaged in surveying several routes for a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara, through this county, have at length finished the work intrusted to them. The result of their labors will be submitted to Congress at an early day. In the mean time we would state, for public information, that the proposed canal is considered quite practicable, and that too, at a cost far less than the great importance of the work would warrant.

We trust, therefore, that no efforts will be spared to induce Congress to order the construction of this important link in the navigation of the great lakes.—*Niagara Courier*.

We learn from an undoubted source, that orders have been given to the commander of the United States squadron on the coast of Brazil, to give vigilant and unremitting attention to the protection of our commercial interests in that quarter, and that instructions have recently been forwarded to him to afford all the protection that the force under his command will enable him to furnish to the interests of our citizens at Para. It is the intention of our government to augment the naval force on all our stations, that adequate protection may be afforded to our citizens, if Congress will make the necessary appropriations.—*Salem Mass. Advertiser*.

Foreign Miscellany.

From the United Service Gazette.

LONGEVITY.—The late Patrick Gibson, Esq., purser in the royal navy, who died at his residence, near the World's-end Passage, Chelsea, on the 1st day of July, 1831, had reached the remarkable age of one hundred and eleven years. This "ancient mariner" was born at Magrath, in the county of Tipperary, on the 24th of July, 1720; he was a tall muscular man, six feet two inches high; his hands were like whalebone, and his grip and shake, to the very last, such as would astonish, if not annihilate, the nerves of a modern "exquisite." This most extraordinary man, up to the last year of his life, walked daily from two to three miles; and from his great age and very retentive memory, he was visited by a great many of the nobility. He had passed the last ninety-three years of his life without suffering the least bodily ailment. At the early age of seventeen he was impressed into his Majesty's navy, while he was staying at Waterford, afterwards raised to the rank of purser, and was not superannuated until he had reached his 102d year. Faithful to his old sea customs, he lived chiefly on "salt junk," which he laid in for the week, and so had very little trouble in marketing. If he dined on fresh meat (which he scarcely ever did) he felt oppressed, feverish, and heated, and could not take the glass of porter, which was his usual beverage at his meals. He was a Catholic, and took milk and potatoes on Fridays. He was very cheerful in his conversation, and abstemious in his habits. He stated, that ninety years since he was prevailed upon to take a glass of whiskey, which made him very ill, and brought on an attack of the ague, since which he had taken neither raw spirits nor medicine, and when dining at a mess, or from home, always left the table after taking two, or at the most, three glasses of wine. He used to relate an anecdote of the taking of Quebec, where he was a purser, in 1759. He went on shore to bathe, and was in a state of nudity, when he perceived a boat with the immortal Wolfe and the gallant Admiral who commanded the naval part of the expedition approaching the spot he had selected for his ablutions. He had scarcely time to rig himself and take shelter in a hut by the sea side, when it happened, curious enough, that the two commanders-in-chief walked into the same hut, and while he was shivering and trying to get into his shirt and trousers, he "per force" heard their conversation. Wolfe bluntly stated to the Admiral that he was determined to attack the heights in the morning, and asked if he would assist with the marines from the ships. "Not only the marines," was the characteristic reply, "but every sailor on board that could be spared to bear a hand." This, he said, was the only court held on the occasion. The officers then shook hands and returned to their boats. The glorious result of their union is a bright page in our English history. His Majesty has had a likeness taken of this "modern naval Methuselah," and has most graciously been pleased to present it to the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, where it is arranged in the Painted Hall with others of his royal gifts.

* *Query.*—Was this account written by an Irishman? Who else would speak of the sea side at Quebec?

SHIPMATES OF HIS MAJESTY.—We find the following in the *Fifeshire Journal*: In Kirkcaldy and neighborhood there are several old seamen who feel proud of having had the honor to be shipmates with his Majesty. James Kilgour, who died a few weeks since, was wont to boast that he taught William the Fourth to splice a rope; and of no circumstance was the old man more vain than that the King had recollected his shipmate, and sent him 5*l.* to relieve his necessities. The other day we met an old weather-beaten tar; and, in the course of conversation, learned that he had been a shipmate with the King when his Majesty went first to sea. The sailor's name is John Miller; he resides in the Links, and is nearly eighty years of age. He (like Kilgour) boasts of having had it in his power to do a personal favor to his Majesty. His story was this: Prince William sailed from Spithead, as a midshipman, in the Prince George, Admiral Digby, the fleet being destined to relieve Gibraltar, then besieged. In their way to the Rock, the British squadron, when off Cape St. Vincent, fell in with a Spanish force, of which seven sail were destroyed—the St. Julian having struck to the Prince George. When the order was given to clear for action, it became part of Miller's duty, as captain of a gun, to throw overboard a writing-table, which he, with the natural caution of a Scotchman, thought prudent to knock to pieces; and in a drawer in it he found a splendid purse, marked with the Prince's name, containing money and papers; these he put in his hat. After the action the Admiral made inquiry as to the table, and was highly pleased with Miller's preservation of the papers, &c. Miller feels quite certain that his Majesty still retains a lively recollection of the circumstance.—*Ib.*

A PRUSSIAN NAVY.—A commission has been established in Berlin, for the organization of a flotilla on the coast, which in time of war will serve to keep up the communications between the ports and fortified places of Pomerania, and to protect the coasts of the Baltic. In the first instance it will consist only of gun boats and six other light vessels of war. In the first sitting of the commission the number and calibre of the guns for arming the flotilla was agreed on.—*Ib.*

THE EAGLE AS A MILITARY ENSIGN.—Of all the different nations who have displayed the eagle in their military ensigns the Persians take the lead. After them the Romans assumed it, and employed it in forming their legions; as also did the Tuscans, about the same period; and it was the only one the Romans preserved under the consulship of Marius: every legion had its eagle at the end of a pike, and it only appeared in time of war; for during peace it was deposited in the Temple of Saturn. These Eagles were called the "Gods of the Legions."

The eagles of every legion were single, and they carried none double but when there were two legions united, or when the legion had two chiefs. The King of the Romans only carried a single eagle, and the Emperor a double; that is to say, two heads upon one body, and displayed. Scarcely any account can be given of the rise and cause of this custom. Some historians say, that Constantine the Great was the first who assumed the two-headed Imperial Eagle (after having made himself master of the eastern and western provinces,) to show that, though the empire appeared to be divided, it was, nevertheless, but one body. There are various sentiments upon this subject, but the most probable is that of those who maintain this usage to have been introduced by Sigismund, son to Charles IV, in 1410; because we find no monument, but since the time of this Emperor, in which the two-headed eagle is to be seen. Nevertheless, there are still some little pieces of silver coin of Robert, of Bavaria, who was Emperor previous to Sigismund, which have on one side a fleur-de-lis of Florence, and on the other a St. John Baptist, with two escutcheons of Bavaria, and above, a little two-headed eagle, which leads us to believe that the imperial eagle had originally but one head; but that the Emperor, who had likewise an eagle in the arms of his house, joined it to that of the empire.

John Basilus, Great Duke of Muscovy (or Russia,) who held himself to be descended of the Roman Emperors, took also the double eagle for the arms of the Russian empire. The present Emperor of Austria still retains it, notwithstanding the dissolution of the Ger-

man empire; and Napoleon only assumed the eagle as a military ensign, in imitation of the Roman Emperors, in forming his legions; and the reason why so few were captured in his disastrous battles, arose from the circumstance from many battalions forming a regiment, so many regiments making a legion, and the senior regiments bearing this distinguished insignia; and whenever it was in danger, being unscrewed and safely secured, which method is also adopted by the Moslems when the sacred standard of the "Faithful" is in danger.—*Ib.*

THE RELATIVE MANNING OF THE NAVY.—The following table exhibits the relative number of men employed in British ships, of all rating, in war and peace times:

Ships.	WAR. PEACE.	
	Rate or Com. Com.	
Hibernia	1st 829	790
Canopus....	84 693	630
Ganges, &c. }		
Donegal ... }	3d 634	570
Spartiate....		
Revenge....	73 590	570
Edinburgh...	74 590	520
Endymion...	50 317	325
Forte.... }		
Undaunted. }	5th 251	275
Hussar.... }		
Dryad.... }	5th 261	260
Belvidera ..		
Acteon	26 —	175 600 } T's, and only rated 22.
Barbette ...	30 168	— 605 } Several of this class.
Crocodile....	28 —	160 501 } Tons.—Many of this
Crocodile....	32 153	— 536 } class rated 22 guns.
Scylla.....	16 —	110 } Same brig, but reduced
Scylla.....	18 120	— } two guns.
Cretan.....	16 99	— } Armed as the Scylla is now.
Brisk..... }	10 49	50 Com'd by lieutenants.
Bold..... }		

The Widows' Men are here deducted from the war complements.—*Ib.*

DENNETT'S ROCKETS.—At a meeting of the trustees of Whitehaven harbor on Thursday last, they came to the determination of obtaining a set of Dennett's rockets, which are to be stationed at that port. The committee of the Newcastle Association for the preservation of life from shipwreck, last week selected stations at which the four sets of Dennett's rockets ordered to be obtained, are to be placed, and appointed days to make trials of instruction in the use of the rockets.—*Ib.*

FRENCH STAFF.—The General Staff of the French army is divided into a *cadre d'activité* and a *cadre de vétérance*. The former is in time of peace to consist of 240 general officers, and the latter of 120. Lieutenant Generals will be transferred from the *cadre d'activité* to the *cadre de vétérance* at the age of sixty-five years; and the *Maréchaux de Camp* at that of sixty-two. The members of the *cadre de vétérance* may be employed on any service save the command and inspection of the troops.—*Ib.*

The number of French ships of war now afloat is 279, namely: 27 of the line, 35 frigates, 30 brigs; 117 brigs, schooners, and gun-boats; 19 steam vessels of from 30 to 160 horse power; 19 sloops, 28 store-ships, and four transports.—*Ib.*

SCOTTISH SHIP OF WAR OF THE 15TH CENTURY.—The following account is given in Charnock's History of Marine architecture:—"The King of Scotland rigged a ship, called the Great Michael, which was the largest, and of superior strength, to any that had sailed from England to France: for this ship was of so great stature and took so much timber, that except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which were oak wood, with all timber that was gotten out of Norway, for she was so strong and of so great length and breadth, all the Wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device by the King's command, who wrought very busily in her, but it was a year and a day ere she was completed. To wit: she was twelve score (240 foot) of length, and thirty-six foot within the sides; she was ten foot thick in the

wall and boards; on every side so slack and so tight, that no cannon could go through her. This great ship lumbered Scotland to get her to sea. From the time that she was afloat, and her mast and sails complete, with anchors offering thereto, she was counted to the King to be thirty thousand pounds expense by her artillery, which was very great and costly to the King by all the rest of her orders. To wit: she bore many cannon, six on each side, with three great basils, two behind and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery,—that is to say, myand and battered falcon, and quarter falcon, flings, pestilent serpentins, and double dogs, with hagtor and culvering, cross-bows, and handbows. She had three hundred mariners to sail her, she had six score gunners to use her artillery, and had a thousand men-of-war by her captains, shippers, and quartermasters."

PROMOTION IN THE ARMY.—In 103 battalions of British infantry, there died in all climates in the course of nine years, 31 lieutenant-colonels, 34 majors, 187 captains, 316 lieutenants, and 90 ensigns: thus creating the following promotions within that period, on the supposition that the steps went throughout each regiment:

Majors promoted to lieutenant-colonels	31
Die, of majors	31
Captains promoted to be majors	65
Die, of captains	187
Lieutenants promoted to be captains	252
Die, of lieutenants	316
Ensigns promoted to be lieutenants	568
Die, of ensigns	90
Total casualties	653

Thus, in 103 battalions of infantry of the line, in which there are 889 ensigns, 90 die, and 568 are promoted to be lieutenants in nine years, making total of 658; so that it would take about twelve years before the whole would die or be promoted. In like manner there are 1,494 lieutenants, of whom 316 die, and 252 are promoted to be captains, making a total of 568 in nine years, at which rate it would take at least twenty-three years before all the survivors in that rank could be promoted. There are 1,040 captains, of whom 187 die, and 65 are promoted to be majors, making a total of 252 in nine years, at which rate it would take nearly thirty-six years before all the survivors in that rank could be promoted. There are 206 majors, of whom 34 die, and 31 are promoted to be lieutenant-colonels, making a total of 65 in nine years, at which rate it would take nearly twenty-eight years before all the survivors in that rank could be provided for. The utter impossibility of keeping the army effective in officers by the promotion consequent on death-vacancies alone, is amply proved by the fact of there being three regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, in which no death-vacancies whatever have occurred in the course of the last nine years; consequently, the junior of each rank would, without the assistance of promotion by purchase, have been the junior still; and in no less than twelve regiments of infantry and nine of cavalry, there has been but one death-vacancy in the same period, a stagnation of promotion so disheartening, as to break the spirits even of the least aspiring.

—*United Service Journal.*

From *Poulson's Daily Advertiser.*
TO ASTRONOMERS.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.—As the comet is now plainly visible to the naked eye, and is seen most advantageously in the morning before the dawn of day, the writer begs leave to direct the attention of astronomers to the ZODIACAL LIGHT, which is beginning again to make its appearance in the eastern sky, and is seen most favorably at the same time of day, becoming barely visible at half past three, and growing gradually brighter till twilight. Its light is yet very feeble, and requires the aid of contrast. Let the right eye, therefore, rest upon the southeastern quarter of the heavens, in the neighborhood of Sirius, while the left eye is directed along the ecliptic. A faint cone of light will be seen, crossing Regulus and the Nebula of Cancer, and having

an undefined vertex in Gemini, not far from the present position of Jupiter. By continued observations it will be seen, that this luminous cone moves forward in the order of the signs, agreeably to the original observations of Cassini. The writer ventures to predict, that it will grow more conspicuous until about the 13th of November, when its vertex will be in the constellation Leo; that it will shortly afterwards be seen in the west, after the evening twilight, and will for some time be seen both in the morning and evening, but will gradually withdraw from the morning sky, and become more and more conspicuous in the evening, varying however in altitude and brightness, its movement being sometimes direct and sometimes retrograde, until the middle of May, when it will disappear and be seen no more until September; it will then return and exhibit changes nearly similar to the foregoing.

ARMY.

OFFICIAL.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, Sept. 24, 1835.

ORDER, }
No. 68. }

The following report from the President of the Court of Inquiry, convened at West Point by virtue of Order No. 49, is published for the information of all concerned:

WEST POINT, Sept. 3d, 1835.

To the Hon. LEWIS CASS,
Secretary of War:

SIR:—With the concurrence of Colonel Totten, and Lieut. Colonel Crane, I delayed organizing the Court of Inquiry in the case of Professor Warner, in order to effect, if possible, an amicable adjustment of the question of difficulty between that gentleman and the Superintendent of the Academy; and I have now the pleasure to inform you that by the aid of mutual friends of the parties, harmony has been restored. Both gentlemen have acted as the best friends of the Institution would desire; the professor, by offering, in a manner highly honorable to himself, full and satisfactory explanations; and the superintendent, by receiving them in the spirit in which they were offered, and promptly declaring that they removed the only obstacle to the harmonious action of the professor with the authorities of the academy.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:
S. COOPER,
Assist. Adj't Gen.

APPOINTMENT.

Henry Whiting, Captain and Brevet Major 1st arty., to be Quarter Master, 23d Sept., vice Brevet Lieut. Col. Linnard, deceased.

PROMOTIONS.

2d Lt. M. Knowlton, 1st arty. to be 1st Lt. 23d July, 1835, vice Palmer, deceased.
Bvt. 2d Lt. John F. Lee, 1st arty., to be 2d Lt. 23d July, vice Knowlton promoted.
Bt. 2d Lt. C. B. Chalmers, 1st arty. to be 2d Lt. 31st Aug. vice D. B. Harris, resigned.
Bvt. 2d Lt. C. J. Whiting, 2d arty., to be 2d Lieut. 10th Sept. vice H. E. Prentiss, resigned.
Bvt. 2d Lt. R. R. Mudge, 3d arty., to be 2d Lt. 31st Aug. 1835, vice W. Bryant resigned.
Bvt. 2d Lt. C. H. Fry, 3d infy., to be 2d Lt. 31st Aug. 1835, vice S. B. Legate resigned.
Bvt. 2d Lt. Thomas Stockton, 5th infy. to be 2d Lt. 31st Aug. 1835, vice Moses Scott, resigned.

TRANSFER.

Bvt. 2d Lieut. Wm. H. Betts, of the 7th infy., transferred to the 1st regiment of artillery, to take rank next after Bvt. 2d Lt. J. M. Ellis.

RESIGNATIONS.

Bvt. 2d Lieut. Lucius Bradbury, 7th infy., 1st Oct. 1835.
Lucius O'Brien, Assistant Surgeon, 31 Dec. 1835.

NAVY.

The U. S. schooner *Grampus*, Lt. commanding R. Ritchie, sailed from Pensacola on Monday, 7th ult. touched at Havana, and arrived at Norfolk on Wednesday morning 23d ult. Officers and crew all well. The following is a list of the officers:

Robert Ritchie, Esq. *Commander.*
William E. Hunt, *Lieutenant.*
John M. Gardner, *Acting do.*
Charles S. Ridgely, *Acting Master.*
Sterret Ramsay, *Purser.*
George W. Evans, *Assistant Surgeon.*
Midshipmen—John E. Anthony, Thomas O. Glascock, and Montgomery Hunt.
Captain's Clerk—Erwin J. Leedom.
Acting Gunner—Wm. McNally.
Passengers—Lieut. Joseph Mattison; Surgeon H. S. Coulter; Gunner Samuel Daggett.

Lieutenants H. H. Bell, from Alabama—E. O. Blanchard, from Louisiana—D. N. Ingraham, from Charleston, S. C., and Wm. Smith, from Missouri, have been ordered to proceed to Pensacola, and report for duty on board the vessels of the West India squadron.

ARRIVALS AT WASHINGTON.

Sept. 23—Capt. G. S. Drane, 2d arty. Fuller's.
24—Major J. D. Graham, Top. Engrs. I. Street.
Lt. J. D. Searight, 6th Inf. Gadsby's.
Col. E. Cutler, 5th inf. Fuller's.
25—Lt. J. B. Magruder, 1st arty. Gadsby's.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL, &c.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.

[From the 16th to the 29th Sept. inclusive.]

Lt. G. A. O'Brien, rev. ser.	15 Sept. 1826,	\$3 00
Lt. F. Buchanan, navy,	" " "	3 00
Maj. B. K. Pierce, army,	31 Dec. 1835,	3 00
Col. J. M. Fessenden, Bost'n,	30 Sept. 1837,	5 00
D. R. Lambert, Roch'r N. Y.	21 Aug. 1836,	3 00
R. E. Newcomb, Greenfield	30 Sept. 1837,	5 00
Lt. Gouv. Morris, 4th inf.	" " 1836,	2 50
Company 1, do	" " "	2 50
		\$27.00

MARRIAGES.

At New York, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Cox, of London, the Rev. C. S. STEWART, of the U. S. Navy, to SARAH, third daughter of ALEXANDER L. STEWART, Esq. of that city.

In Baltimore, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, Captain J. M. BAXLEY, of the U. S. Army, to MARIA FRANCES, daughter of the late SOLOMON RUTTER, of that city.

DEATHS.

On the 20th ult., at his residence in Bucks county, Penn., Col. WILLIAM LINNARD, U. S. Army, in the 86th year of his age.

At Fort Leavenworth, on the 3d ult., ASHLEY, son of Lieut. JAMES W. HAMILTON.

On the 15th ult., at the residence of his son, Col. S. Demarest, Red House, Harlem, N. Y., Captain SAMUEL DEMAREST, an officer of the revolutionary war, aged 80 years and 31 days.

In Orange county, N. C., on the 6th ult., Mr. BENJAMIN TUTTENTON, aged 84 years, a soldier of the revolution.

At Nantucket, Mass., Major NATHANIEL FROST, aged 83, a revolutionary pensioner, and the last of that band of patriots resident on the island.

In Yarmouth, Mass., on the 17th ult., Captain EBENEZER SEARS, aged 80, a revolutionary pensioner.

In Boston, JAMES McCLEARY, aged 76, a revolutionary soldier.

ARMY AND NAVY REGISTERS,

CORRECTED TO THE 1ST JULY, 1835,

For sale at this office. Price 25 cents each. Also by the agents of the Magazine and Chronicle, in Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

As the postage is but 3 cents under 100 miles, and 5 cents for any distance over 100 miles, they can be forwarded by mail, and will be furnished at the rate of five copies for one dollar.

Sept. 22—1f.